

THE GAL WITH THE BALMORAL.

AIR—"Jockey Hat and Feather."

As I walked down the street,
I met my charming Kate,
I ax'd "where she was goin' to,"
She says "I'm going to skate."

I walked close by her side,
And didn't we cut a swell,
With high heeled boots upon her feet,
She wore a Balmoral.

O there is fun upon the ice,
And lots of nice young gals,
My goodness how they glide along,
Dressed in their Balmorals.

We took a car, and reached the Park,
A man stood at the gate,
He charged us fifteen cents a piece
To let us in to skate.

I paid the dimes and in we went
With such a rush pell mell,
It beat my time to keep in track
Of that same Balmoral. (Chorus.)

She started off and said "she'd kiss
The man that first would catch her,"
Of all the folks upon the ice
There's only one could match her.
I made a grab and down I went,
Upon my nose I fell,
Some other fellow caught and kissed
Her in the Balmoral. (Chorus.)

My face was cut, my nose did bleed,
I was in such a plight,
I turned around to look for her,
But she was out of sight.
The young folks laughed and told me how
She took that other swell,
And ever since I faint away
To see a Balmoral. (Chorus.)